THE
NATION

SEPTEMBER 6, 1958 . . 25c

WAR BY ACCIDENT

Carl Dreher

SHIFTING VOTES AT THE U. N.

Alfred H. Greenberg

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The "Welfare State" of Colorado

Denver, Colorado

COLORADO's old-age pension plan has long been the nation's most generous. It has now evolved into a complete "welfare state" program for older Coloradoans, with an interesting resemblance to Britain's. It guarantees $100 monthly per pensioner — less private or social-security income — and husband and wife, if without other means, may each draw the full pension.

In addition, each of the state's 55,000 pensioners received with his February check this year a Blue Cross-Blue Shield card entitling the holder to medical-hospital care. By May 1, more than 5,800 persons had taken advantage of this, and the state had paid out $1,238,000 with all bills not yet in. There is a twin provision for nursing-home care for those who need it, with the state contributing half the cost up to $200 per month; by last month about 2,000 pensioners had benefited. The State Welfare Board is already discussing possible extension of the medical-care plan to pay doctors' fees for home or office calls, as well as the possibility of providing the pensioners with hearing aids, eye-glasses, dental care, etc.

And in addition to all this, there is a cost-of-living provision under which the Welfare Board can increase the basic pension if prices go up. The choice, however, seems to be between this and devoting available funds to the expanded medical- and health-aid program, which most pensioners seem to prefer.

In accordance with federal statute, Washington has been contributing about one-third of the annual $60 million cost of Colorado's old-age pensions. The state's new medical- and health-care program also qualifies for federal aid, a fact which presents a fascinating paradox. For while Congress, partly under the influence of the American Medical Association lobby, steadfastly refuses to accept the principle of direct federal aid to the sick as part of the Social Security program itself (witness the burial in committee of the Humphrey-Forand bill, which proposes just that), it has nevertheless gone along with subsidizing state medical care of old-age pensioners by matching state funds for this purpose 50-50 up to a federal contribution of $3 per month per pensioner. So the medical profession's bogy of "socialized medicine" can be said to have crept in at the window while the doctors were guarding the door.

How did all this take place, and why is Colorado so far ahead in progress toward the welfare state — at least as far as its old people are concerned? It came about, paradoxically enough, because the state hoped sooner or later to free at least a small part of its income now going into pensions for general state purposes that long have been deprived of revenue because of the burden of the pension program.

The story begins in the early 30s when Colorado, like most states, was instituting the bare beginnings of an old-age pension program to alleviate some of the suffering caused by the depression. But the original program afforded no more than scanty and occasional relief, and the old people were being swept into the camp of the evangelistic Townsend. A young attorney named O. Otto Moore (now a graying justice of the Colorado Supreme Court) thought there was too much "pie in the sky," in the Townsend approach, and that the old people would never get anything out of it but heartbreak. So he and a group of friends decided to try to direct the movement into more practical channels. They organized the National Annuity League, with an eye to getting an old-age pension amendment into the Colorado constitution through a popular initiative. Their proposal was adopted in 1936. It proved so highly practical from the pensioners' standpoint, but so preclusive of other state activities, that it was characterized as a "one-way tax-trap" for the sole benefit of pensioners.

The amendment set aside for a pension fund 85 per cent of all receipts from a 2 per cent state sales tax and a similar percentage of all receipts from liquor taxes and fees and of "all future excise taxes." It further provided that the legislature could not repeal or decrease any source of income for old-age pensions unless it has previously provided equivalent revenue from other sources. These provisions proved highly pleasing to the liquor industry, which in the nature of things was thus virtually guaranteed against any undue interference by the state.

But aside from setting apart what state administrators considered an inordinate share of the state's revenues for pensions alone, the amendment erected a formidable roadblock against raising general revenues from other

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ROSCOE FLEMING, co-author of Sun, Sea and Sky, *writes extensively on the Western scene.*

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Aggression – by Whom?

American policy vis-à-vis Red China amounts to an unlimited prolongation into the future of the errors of the past. Yet it cannot be said that it holds out no hope. On August 11, the State Department released the text of an instructional memorandum sent to its missions abroad, accusing the Peking Government of all manner of crimes, but adding the comforting thought that these were only temporary annoyances. "The United States holds the view," the memorandum stated in Secretary Dulles' quasi-Biblical prose, "that communism's rule in China is not permanent and that it one day will pass."

In the pursuance of this long-deferred hope, Mr. Dulles and his Far Eastern soothsayer, Mr. Walter S. Robertson, have siphoned from the pockets of the American taxpayer into the domain of Chiang Kai-shek, with its 9.5 million population, some $2 billion since 1951. For about the same period we have patrolled the Formosa Strait with a powerful and expensive fleet, lest the 625 million Reds swarm across and render Taiwan ineligible for further American largesse. We have placed the Reds under an absolute interdiction, save for negotiations for the freeing of American prisoners whom they have surprisingly if gradually returned to us. We have also encouraged our valiant ally on Formosa to conduct propaganda and reconnaissance forays over the mainland so culpably occupied by the Reds, in anticipation of the day when events would prove their rule ephemeral.

All this, though expensive, has so far served some limited purposes. Chiang and we are in a more vulnerable position in respect to the offshore islands which our treaty with Chiang does not oblige us to defend, but which we have coyly implied we might defend if the Reds should attempt to seize them. Geography is not yet entirely obsolete and these islands, which as real estate are of negligible importance, are in about the same relation to the Chinese ports of Amoy and Foochow as Martha's Vineyard is to New Bedford. In effect the Nationalists are blockading a stretch of the China coast which, if it were on the eastern shore of the United States, would be bounded by Delaware Bay on the north and Cape Hatteras on the south. Strangely, the Reds look on this deprivation much as Americans would look on a blockade of Norfolk and Philadelphia and points between. The Asian neutrals, for their part, are inclined to feel that the Red attitude, in these premises, is not altogether unnatural and unreasonable. Finally, the Reds are in a position to express their resentment by shelling the Nationalist positions on the islands, and in this department they do things in a big way — in two hours on August 23 they fired 50,000 rounds into Quemoy and Little Quemoy.

Of course the Chinese Reds may only be attempting to shoot their way into the United Nations via Quemoy and Matsu, and if Mr. Dulles will consider the situation in the large, he may conclude that their chances of long-range success in this endeavor are not too bad. American reaction has been to dispatch a fifth aircraft carrier and four destroyers from the Mediterranean to reinforce the Seventh Fleet which, with its existing four carriers, is not exactly understrength. Broad hints are being published that the carriers might send their 36-ton A-3-D "Skywarrior" jet bombers to drop atomic bombs on the Chinese mainland if the Reds should attempt to seize the islands. Such a riposte, on a continent with memories of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, is not likely to win any popularity contests. Thus, a minor diplomatic defeat in the Middle East might be followed by a major one in the Far East. Still worse, the Reds would not necessarily be dissuaded from continuing their assault on the islands and since they have aircraft, with or without atomic bombs, they might resort to reprisals against our carriers which, in these narrow waters, could suffer some inconvenience. When both sides to a dispute are in deathly fear of losing face

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through the slightest concession, the only possible resolution is by force. Neither Red China nor the United States can afford the use of all-out force in the offshore-island conflict. The alternative — possible only within the jurisdiction of the U.N. — is negotiation directed toward a truce, whereby the blockade would be lifted and the Nationalists would cease their forays, while the Reds would refrain from expending vast quantities of ammunition on the islands. The truce might be as transitory and unstable as the one just concluded in the Middle East — but after the experience there, who shall say that such deferrals are useless? If Mr. Dulles—and Mr. Eisenhower—will earnestly consider the advantages of some such *modus vivendi*, they may yet come to see Quemoy and Matsu as the Blessed Isles.

Judicial Steamroller

When Senator Eastland attacks the Supreme Court, the yawns multiply from coast to coast; but when the Conference of State Chief Justices, by a vote of 36 to 8, endorses a long and sharply-worded resolution in criticism of the Court, the press snaps to attention, as well it might. In this instance the press snapped much too uncritically and, as a result, has billed as "meaningful criticism" of the Supreme Court a report which will long be a major embarrassment to bench and bar. The gist of the report is that the Supreme Court has shown a lack of "judicial self-restraint." For judges, self-restraint is a duty, not a privilege or an option. To charge the nine justices of the Supreme Court with a failure to exercise "judicial self-restraint" is to imply that they have somehow violated their oath of office or, at the very least, have failed to measure up to accepted canons of judicial behavior.

This is a serious charge and doubly so when advanced by the chief justices of the forty-eight states. Yet how much "judicial self-restraint" was shown in adopting the resolution? The Conference of State Chief Justices is strictly a consultative body, primarily concerned with the improvement of legal procedure. It has never previously issued pronouncements of this sort which, in terms of its stated purposes and functions, are strictly *ultra vires*. The chief justices in attendance were not authorized to speak for the courts with which they are identified, yet much of the press comment implied the contrary. Least restrained of all was the action of the assembled jurists in voting for a resolution whose merits they could not possibly have considered. The thirty-one-page document, which includes a review of some forty Supreme Court decisions, was not made available to those attending the conference until the morning of the opening session. In the brief time allotted for discussion, the report was vigorously criticized by Chief Justices Phil S. Gibson (California), Joseph Weintraub (New Jersey) and Charles Alvin Jones (Pennsylvania), but there was no real debate or discussion. Working for the resolution was a most "unjudicial" consideration. Many of the judges present felt a measure of sympathy for their colleagues from the South who, because they must stand for re-election, would have been embarrassed had they not voted for the resolution. Off-the-record, some of these judges spoke of being "on the spot" and some of their Northern colleagues apparently wanted to make their position easier by creating the illusion that support for the resolution was nearly unanimous. Under the circumstances, therefore, the state chief justices, not those of the Supreme Court, are chargeable with a flagrant disregard of the principle of "judicial self-restraint."

Gadgets for Students

The Senate-House education bill is just good enough to be impossible to veto and just penurious and misguided enough to make an angel curse. Perhaps we can overlook the folly of a national education program which ignores the humanities and social sciences while sneaking in a $60 million appropriation for vocational training over a four-year period. But can we overlook the *total* elimination of undergraduate scholarships from the program, so that the needy student will in practice be unable to attend college unless he saddles himself with thousands of dollars in debts to the federal government? The bill provides $295 million for such loans —which are to be repaid *with interest*. It is business psychology, not the actual interests of the country, that moves the bank-clerkish minds behind this manipulation.

No money, it goes without saying, is provided for increasing faculty salaries so that the most able people will be encouraged to go on teaching. Instead, $18 million will go into "research" in educational radio and TV. That is no great sum for a four-year period, but it is one earnest among others that the Ford Foundation, the Office of Education, and interested private parties have succeeded in selling the country a bill of goods—despite the objections of working teachers—to the effect that mechanical gadgets can solve the problems of American education. A vast program of scholarships, of school construction, and of the encouragement of more teachers and better teaching are the essential needs. The balance sheet of the Defense Education Act will show that, worse than being disregarded, they are being magicked out of existence.

It is true that behind this bill lies the effort of a few enlightened men against a sea of indifference and assertive philistinism. They have salvaged funds for graduate fellowships, for scientific equipment, for guidance, counseling and testing, and for teacher-institutes of various kinds—and that is all to the good, even granting the loose and distorted thinking in so much of the bill. But is any one of these purposes worth *infinitely* more than scholarships—to focus now on the most important concern of all? What was once conceived as a

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program providing perhaps billions annually toward an American renaissance has dwindled to $887 million for four years—$592 million if we omit the loan allocations, which really are not expenditures. But as Senator Javits pointed out in contrasting the lavishness of the $41 billion defense appropriation with this "parsimonious" attitude toward the training of the young, scholarships must be provided if we are to "get into college at least 50 per cent of the meritorious high-school graduates who are not now coming to college." The bill does at last crack the ice of resistance to federal aid to education, but the crack is so tiny it must be widened very soon if it is not to freeze solid again.

The Atom and the Journalists

Time, the Weekly Newsmagazine, reports in its September 1 issue the outcome of "one of the U.S.'s most soul-wrenching secret debates" — over the proposed conditional suspension of nuclear weapons testing by the United States. "AEC Chairman John McCone, new on the job," *Time* reports, "argued passionately and persuasively" that the U.S. should (1) not cease bottoming out harbors, dislodging oil from sand, and persisting in other useful nuclear endeavors; and (2) should continue testing "miniature" nuclear bombs, i.e., those equivalent to a mere few thousand tons of TNT. Thus, according to *Time*, Mr. McCone substantially echoed the views of his illustrious predecessor, Admiral Strauss, and won a "major concession" from the President: the U.S. would not agree to suspend nuclear tests for peaceful purposes.

Newsweek, which also deals with the news, carried an account in some respects diametrically opposite. It pictured Mr. McCone as having embraced the position of Secretary Dulles, Admiral Strauss's opponent in the debate, in plumping for suspension. The views of the interested bystander, it would seem, depend on which news weekly he reads.

An even greater source of confusion seems to underlie the fears expressed by Mr. McCone in respect to the peaceful uses of nuclear energy. Perhaps the vacationing and other frivolities of the summer now drawing to a close have caused *The Nation* staff to succumb to collective amnesia but, search as we may, we cannot think of anyone proposing the suspension of non-military nuclear tests. In fact, in his solicitude for bottoming out harbors Mr. McCone brings back memories of the late Andrei Vishinsky, who was always talking about herculean projects in this field, although his enthusiasm ran more toward moving mountains than dredging channels. We are happy to offer Mr. McCone this reassurance. For their part, *Time* and *Newsweek* might get together and give us the lowdown on what Mr. McCone actually said. Finally, while everyone is doing everyone else favors, could Mr. McCone be persuaded that it might be simpler to let suspension apply to *all* weapons tests, rather than selected ones?

Shifting Votes at the U. N. . . . *by Alfred H. Greenberg*

United Nations, N. Y.

AS THE Third Emergency Session of the General Assembly ground its way toward inevitable compromise, old hands in the press section at United Nations headquarters were busy at what was for them a new (and presages to be a continuing) activity: counting noses. This journalistic pastime was invented to inform readers, before the votes are cast, how roll calls in a legislative assembly will shape up. It is a game that has never had much meaning here: the expected outcome on any major issue, particularly one involving a clash between the United States and the Soviet Union, was so routine as to be devoid of speculative interest.

When Russia called for this recent special session, however, it signaled the beginning of a new era in United Nations history. The move meant the Soviets had dropped their long-standing reliance on the rule of unanimity in the Security Council in favor of the rule of numbers in the veto-free General Assembly. Such a change could make sense only if the Soviets expected to find enough support to inflict a defeat on Western diplomacy.

Moreover, this expected support in the General Assembly had to be related to more than the single issue of American and British troops in the Near East. It is unlikely that the Russians would have abandoned the principle of unanimity—even indirectly—unless they saw permanent hope of a break in the American ability to achieve a two-thirds majority.

To be sure, there was propaganda value in pressing for an immediate hearing on the issue of intervention in the Middle East, but the plodding action of this "emergency" session was proof enough there was no real emergency. If the Soviets expected their allies in the Assembly to vanish after the Middle Eastern situation was handled, they would have chosen another method to embarrass the West than that of tacitly endorsing the "Uniting for Peace" resolution of 1950, under which the special emergency session was called. (The "Uniting for Peace" resolution, consistently condemned by the U.S.S.R., makes it possible to get an Assembly session within twenty-four hours

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whenever a veto blocks action in the Security Council. Neither Sobolev's original draft, nor the final compromise resolution under which the recent session was called referred specifically to the "Uniting for Peace" resolution. But, as Henry Cabot Lodge correctly pointed out, it is the only way an "emergency" session can be called, and the Russians did specify "emergency.")

Whether or not this is a correct reading of Soviet motives, the fact remains that everyone quickly recognized that the United States could not get anything like a two-thirds majority to endorse its action in Lebanon. In fact, the original Lodge resolution in the Security Council, vetoed by Sobolev on July 18, didn't ask for such endorsement, except by implication. Even so, Sweden, a supporter of the West, abstained, and on the Soviet motion calling for cessation of "armed intervention in the domestic affairs of the Arab States" both Sweden and Japan abstained.

WHEN all eighty-one member states are present and voting, it takes fifty-four countries to constitute the two-thirds majority necessary for General Assembly action. When the United Nations was younger and thirty nations smaller, it took thirty-four nations to make an effective majority. In those days it would have been inconceivable for the Russians to hope for more favorable action in the Assembly than in the Security Council.

Slowly, however, the picture has changed. In the first ten years of United Nations history, only nine new countries were admitted to membership. Since the Soviets were vetoing the applications of those it considered unfriendly and the West was blocking the entrance of the East European Communist lands, this did not materially change the balance of the international body. Five of the nine newly-admitted states have generally supported the United States; the other four, being classified as "neutrals," have voted with the Russians about as often as with the West.

In the three years since 1955, twenty-two more nations have been allowed to join, including twelve Asian and African states, and four in the Communist orbit. Fears that an Asian-African bloc would combine with the Communists to oppose the West have been voiced by the United States ever since.

In the Twelfth General Assembly last year, on roll calls where America took a pro or con stand, only six of the twenty-eight Afro-Asian countries supported the United States position more than 50 per cent of the time. Malaya supported us an even 50 per cent, and the other members of the bloc agreed with us by percentages ranging from 18.4 per cent (Morocco) up to 48.7 per cent (Iran).

Since some of this lack of agreement took the form of abstention, it is also significant that twenty-two of the twenty-eight countries of the bloc voted *against* us on more than ten roll calls (as compared to only three Latin-American countries which disagreed with us that often).

In the nose-counting which preceded the vote during the recent emergency session, it was conceded that the United States could rely on no more than twelve of the twenty-eight Afro-Asian countries to support the ill-fated Norwegian resolution. Presumably these would have been Turkey, Japan, Thailand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Liberia, Iran, Ethiopia, Laos and Malaya, plus Lebanon and Jordan.

Actually, the latter two went along with their Arab brethren in initiating the final compromise. In any event, after September 23, when Chamoun reluctantly turns the Presidency over to Fouad Chehab, it is likely that Lebanon will be permanently removed from any listing that can be called pro-West. How long King Hussein will last in Jordan is anyone's guess, but eventually that vote, too, must be considered "lost."

Mauldin: St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Don't Tell Me *How To Ride a Camel!"*

Including Yugoslavia—a somewhat doubtful listing—the Soviet Union has a solid ten votes to add to the sixteen-eighteen it can count on as anti-West in the Afro-Asian group. That means it need pick up at most only two more votes to block an effective United States majority.

OF THE two remaining blocs in the United Nations, one—Latin America—is anything but impregnable to Soviet blandishments. To begin with, four of the twenty Latin American countries—Mexico, Guatemala, Haiti and Bolivia—agreed with the United States less than half the time in last year's Assembly. The first three also *disagreed* with us more than twenty times each.

But more than past performance comes into play here. Recent Soviet trade agreements with Argentina, Brazil, Chile and others point to a new attitude on the part of our neighbors to the south, many of whom still don't have diplomatic relations with the Russians. Having seen United States funds going to the more "critical" areas such as the Middle and Far East, where we are trying to stave off further Russian political gains, the Latinos wonder about the advantages of being so safely anti-Communist. The demonstrations against Nixon brought Congressional promises of new financial aid. News of Russian economic penetration brought American support for the Western Hemisphere Bank for Development. Can South American diplomats be blamed for thinking they stand to gain by expressing more independence in the U.N.?

So far, any breakup of this most solidly pro-United States bloc is still only potential. When Ambassador Lodge addressed the Latin delegates in a not-so-behind-the-scenes maneuver to get their support for the watered-down Norwegian resolution, he reportedly received a unanimous

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pledge. This was in the face of known Latin misgivings about a resolution that seemed designed to prevent internal revolutions — a not infrequent event south of the border.

THE twenty-three nations which compose the remaining bloc, if such it can be termed, are euphemistically referred to as "the West." The concept is not geographic, for it includes Taiwan (posing as China), South Africa, Greece, Israel, Australia, New Zealand and the countries of Western Europe, in addition to the United States and Canada. Nor is it by any means a political entity of constitutional democracies, including as it does such unsavory regimes as Franco's Spain and Salazar's Portugal.

But it does embrace countries which voted — with the exception of South Africa, absent for most of the Twelfth Assembly — with the United States on well over 50 per cent of last year's roll calls. In fact, only three countries in this group showed an agreement of less than 75 per cent with United States votes. These were Greece, Finland and Ireland.

Any of the latter three, of course, could block a United States working majority. Greece voted against us nineteen times last year, for example, despite her NATO ties. A country like Sweden, though voting with the United States 82.9 per cent of the time in 1957, is still independent enough to be unpredictable in times of crisis. In fact, the overwhelming majority of countries in the Western bloc are sovereign enough so that conflicting interests among them are unavoidable. These aren't often reflected in terms of disagreement on an approach to the Russians — though de Gaulle's attitude on the summit shows that even this is possible. But divergent views do come to the fore on many questions which the General Assembly considers. Two, three or even a good many more votes could easily swing away from the United States out of this grouping on any single issue.

In practice, it is true, it will hardly ever be necessary to muster fifty-four votes, in view of the many abstentions which are the rule of Assembly voting. This doesn't make the job any easier for Mr. Lodge and his associates, however. The countries most often recorded as abstaining or absent include more United States supporters than "neutrals."

The conclusion is obvious. Hereafter, nose-counting is news. There are no longer any automatic majorities for American policies. The United States will have to work to line up votes. That means politicking, and it means compromise — often dictated, as in the emergency session just ended, by the "neutrals." And who knows, it may even mean a re-evaluation of the policies themselves, with an effort to win support on merit instead of buying it on time with a big down payment.

WAR BY ACCIDENT . . *by Carl Dreher*

IT IS GENERALLY accepted that neither of the superpowers will designedly resort to all-out nuclear war since, while the immolation of fifty or a hundred million of the "enemy" may be a perfectly bearable prospect, the simultaneous sacrifice of a corresponding chunk of the home population presents embarrassing administrative problems. There is, however, another possibility: war by accident. Reduced to its elements, the situation is not unlike that which preceded a recent occurrence in upstate New York. A motor boat stood off the upstream face of a dam over which water was spilling. Suddenly the motor stalled and the boat was swept over the dam. The nuclear powers, with their stockpiles and means of delivery, are in much the same position as the boat on the brink. The safeguards surrounding the bombs correspond to the motor which gave the pilot control—until the motor failed. Human elements complicate the nuclear situation.

About the Author

Carl Dreher, an engineer by profession before he turned to writing, has been evolving for *The Nation* a critique of the technological-arms race in terms of its political and social implications. In this connection, see "The Showcase War" (*The Nation*, November 16, 1957) and "Program for a Crash" (*The Nation*, February 1, 1958).

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The possible causes of accidental nuclear war may be grouped under three main heads: *(1) so-called "catalytic war" and its variants; (2) technological mishaps and inadequacies; (3) psychological and personnel hazards.*

In catalytic war, powers with major nuclear capability are tricked into nuclear reprisals on each other by calculated action on the part of a third power or powers. The latter may have only limited nuclear capacity or none at all; they may buy or borrow nuclear explosives for the purpose. Given the means, Chiang Kai-shek or Syngman Rhee, for example, might engage in such an operation. This possible origin of an adventitious war may assume major proportions as nuclear capacity becomes widespread, but it is a problem of the more remote rather than the immediate future.

The other two possible sources of nuclear catastrophe are problems of the present. Technological inadequacies, in particular, are rapidly assuming critical importance. It is a truism that every conceivable accident, as well as some inconceivable ones, must be expected even in the old-established branches of engineering. Recently, at the British Calder Hall atomic-power station, a steam turbine overspeeded and parts of the rotor flew through the roof of the generator hall. This was not an atomic accident; it could have happened

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at a coal-generating station. The point is that a toy prototype of a steam turbine existed before the Christian era, and practical designs have been in use for seventy years. Yet, in a freak accident, a turbine may still fly out of control and wreck itself.

WHAT, then, must we expect of military devices, which are designed not for safety, but for destructiveness? Even the conventional forms are dangerous to their users. When it comes to new and more intricate devices like nuclear bombs and ballistic missiles, naturally the risks are greater. If eight Nikes—short-range anti-aircraft missiles with TNT warheads—could explode for no ascertainable reason at a base in New Jersey, scattering the warheads over a radius of three miles and killing ten people, IRBMs with nuclear warheads can go off in the NATO or Warsaw Pact countries and land in "enemy" territory. By the time it can be explained to the "enemy" that it was all an unfortunate mistake, reply will have been made in kind. Since the IRBMs are scheduled for installation in Europe before the end of the year, the problem is an immediate one.

The chances of an accidentally precipitated thermonuclear exchange are further increased by forced development at a pace unprecedented in the whole history of technology. These risks are being taken consciously by the controllers, but without the slightest comprehension on the part of the public whose lives are equally at stake. In the Summer, 1957, issue of the *Air University Quarterly Review*, the professional journal of the United States Air Force, Brig. Gen. (now Maj. Gen.) Charles M. McCorkle, Assistant Chief of Staff for Guided Missiles, U.S.A.F., writes:

> It is significant that for the first time we are engaged in detailed operational planning for a weapon system that has not yet emerged from the development stage. . . . With very preliminary data we must begin to integrate ballistic missiles into the existing Air Force command and control structure. . . .

It remains to be seen how successful this premature integration will turn out to be and, if it should be less auspicious than the controllers hope, what the cost will be in the casualties of an unintended nuclear war.

The question is the more pertinent in that the major research and development effort of the nuclear-missiles race has gone into the offense, while the defense has lagged. The most urgent objective has seemed to be the possession of something more lethal to fling at the enemy, and more of it, than the enemy can throw back. Consequently, on our part and probably also on the Russians', more resources have been allocated to the missiles than to the long-range radar systems required to detect them and plot their courses. For the next few years, the better the missiles, the greater the danger of accidental war; improved radar, on the contrary, will tend to lessen the danger. In an absolute sense, American radar has advanced, but relative to the steeply rising requirements, it has fallen behind. Normally the engineer presents a cheerful professional face to the world, much like the physician who, though personally a hypochondriac, radiates optimism at the bedside. It must be with good reason, therefore, that radar engineers make public lamentation in the fashion of one of the editors of *Electronic Week* who, in the issues of March 10, 17 and 31, 1958, declared that our entire early-warning radar network is obsolete; that it cannot detect, much less track or follow, ICBMs or even aircraft flying faster than two or three times the speed of sound; that, even in the absence of enemy jamming, it can't distinguish between missiles and meteors or electrical noise, and that the art is not only in a most lugubrious state but is not coming up with new projects which might help the defense to catch up in the near future.

A RELATED question which, far from being on the way to solution, appears to be in a state of retrogression, is that of command of ballistic missiles. Who shall order their launching? It is generally agreed that this is not a military function: the military should carry out the order, but not issue it. So much is at stake that only the President of the United States is competent to make the fateful decision. But, since these things are not done by telepathy, what is to be the electronics and communications of the process? Our launch officer, a major perhaps, is in Britain or Turkey or the Netherlands. Facing his battery there is a battery of Russian IRBMs. Connected by a communications channel there is a long-range radar, the eye of the missile installation. A technician, whose competence and assiduity may not be of the highest —this endless scanning of the ionosphere is as uninspiring a task as intercepting people trying to enter the subway without paying their fare—briefly sees a blip, a spot of light on the radar scope. Long before he can summon an officer or expert civilian, who may be at the Officers' Club or in bed, the spot is gone. It may be picked up once more by the same or another radar, or again, it may not. Was it a Russian IRBM flying West? Or a meteor leaving only a harmless ionized trail? Or a passing aberration in the radar itself? Even if the expert himself saw it, he may be as uncertain as a diagnostic radiologist would be if he were permitted only a passing glance at an obscure X-ray photograph. Yet, if it was a Russian missile and accurately aimed, the launching installation may be blown sky-high in the next ten minutes. To launch, or not to launch? Is the major, who didn't see the blip, now to go all the way up through the chain of command to President Eisenhower? And is the President, from Washington or Gettysburg, or Atlanta, to go down again through the chain and order the major to launch his missiles and perhaps start a gratuitous nuclear war, or to wait and perhaps be obliterated?

The pretense that the Chief Executive will have anything to say in such a situation is the purest technological nonsense. But the situation is hard fact, or will be very soon. The truth is that, even allowing for a great elaboration of facilities and some brilliant feats of coordination, *no one* is going to be in a position to make rational decisions.

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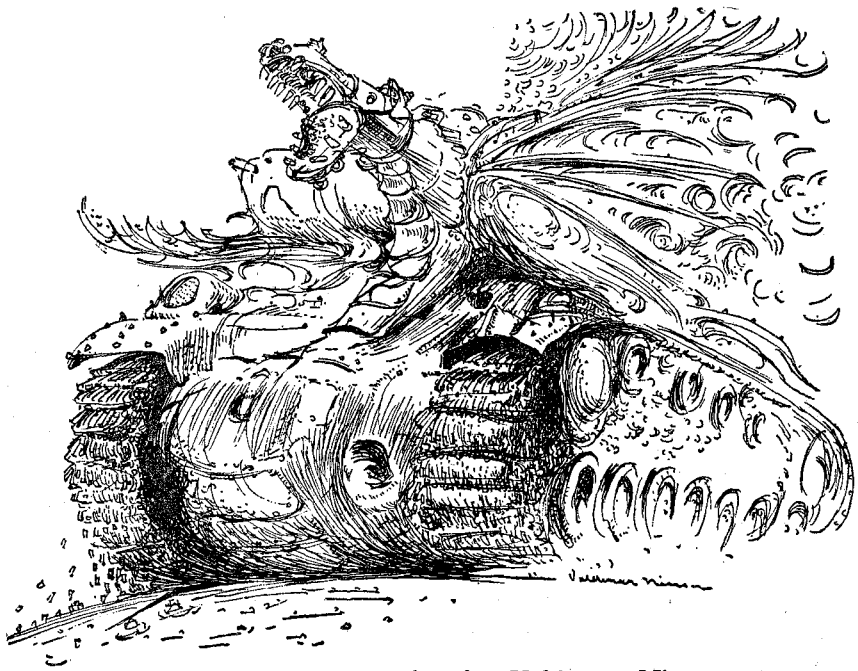
But decisions will nevertheless be made—in the only place where they can be made, the theatre of operations. In the IRBM interval, this will be Europe or Asia; when the ICBMs are ready, it will also include the continental United States. By that time long-range radar may be sufficiently improved to reduce the hazards, but the clear and present danger will be that field-grade officers will, in effect, be making strategic decisions on the basis of unreliable and fugitive radar data.Lloyd V. Berkner aptly calls this the "degeneration of command."

Probably the best that can be hoped for is a standard operating procedure which will cover the foreseeable situations. "There is a distinct requirement," writes Col. Alexander Sheridan of the Air War College, "for the formulation of automatic rules of engagement approved by the President and the Congress and made known to the world." Since the procedures adopted will affect the fortunes, indeed the very existence, of all mankind, publicity is surely in order.

FOR anything approaching a systematic procedure, it will be necessary to tie together all the IRBM installations, fixed and mobile, through a rapid and completely reliable communications network (which isn't as easy as it sounds) under command of a group of officers, all of them competent to decide on the fate of humanity and one or more of whom will be on duty at all times. If it appears that the blip is a missile, these men will decide, extempore, whether Major A will have to take his chances on being obliterated (to be avenged posthumously by Majors B, C, and X), or vice versa; or whether no action is called for in the instant situation.

The peak of the peril of an erroneously-triggered nuclear exchange is likely to come in 1960. The present generation of IRBMs is liquid-fueled, with a hydrocarbon such as kerosene in combination with an oxidizing agent which is usually liquid oxygen ("lox") at 275 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. The lox is not pumped into the missile until just before firing, to prevent freezing pumps, valves and other parts of the mechanism. If everything is in readiness, this will delay the shot about a half-hour. By that time, if disaster has not descended on the installation, it will be clear that the report of an oncoming IRBM was erroneous. But by 1960 or 1961 it is expected that this delay will have been reduced, or eliminated entirely, by the introduction of solid-propellant, ready-to-fire missiles. There is no assurance of an equally early resolution of the confusions of radar, nor that missile bases will be sufficiently "hardened"—i.e., rendered less vulnerable—for reliance on delayed retaliation. Thus the nervous, psychotic or fanatical launch officer will have his chance to trigger off an accidental war almost as easily as a high school boy can smash a revolver cartridge with a hammer.



WAR MONSTER: Drawing by Valdemar Nissen

THE RUSSIANS began stressing the war-by-accident theme toward the end of 1957 in the form of strident *Red Star* warnings to the British that a "criminal" or "unbalanced person" in the United States Air Force might use the round-the-clock flights of hydrogen-armed American aircraft from British bases to set off a nuclear war. Such is the polarizing tendency of an armament race that as soon as one side seizes on an idea for propaganda purposes, the other feels bound to disparage or suppress it. But if every aspect of reality which can be twisted into propaganda is to be ignored on that account, our detachment from reality will increase in proportion to the volume of propaganda, to which there seems to be no limit. Like it or not, the Russians have something here, if not in relation to the present stage, then in the IRBM and later stages. A fairly large number of persons, acting as individuals or in small groups, will soon be in a position to initiate nuclear war irresponsibly. This is not a Russian fact, not an American fact, but a fact.

Whether the person or persons are "unbalanced" is not the criterion, nor is the morality of the act. Any sort of unauthorized action which results in hostilities is, as far as the nation is concerned, accidental. A pre-atomic instance will make the distinction clearer. The Franco-Prussian War was not accidental, since Bismarck's editing of the Ems telegram was, from the Prussian standpoint, a justifiable, indeed a laudable, act. In a warlike situation Bismarck, as the representative of the Prussian ruling class, by nationalistic standards accepted also by most of the middle and working classes, could employ any and all means—intrigue, falsification, murder—conducive to his patriotic ends. But if a zealous

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or unbalanced subordinate, such as a secretary or telegrapher, had done the editing without Bismarck's knowledge — although Bismarck's policies and prior acts had prepared the ground — the war would have been accidental. Likewise in the United States, if Secretary of Defense James Forrestal had given an order to atom-bomb the Soviet Union and the order had been obeyed, the resulting war would have been accidental, because the Secretary would have been usurping the prerogative of the President.

OTHERS HAVE *de facto* power; and this goes for both sides, of course. "It is a known fact that there are several million psychologically unbalanced persons in the U.S.," *Red Star* asserts. "There are some in the Army, too." And none in the Red Army? The Red neurotics and psychotics may be more dangerous, actually. At least in the United States one is permitted to be nervous; in some circles one is actually considered a little queer if one sleeps without barbiturates, gets through the day without tranquilizers, digests one's food without antacids, or makes love without alcohol. In the Soviet Union not only are these meliorants less readily available (except the alcohol), but common human weaknesses, aggravated by the tensions of a high-pressure industrial culture, are regarded as bordering on the counter-revolutionary. Marxism-Leninism is supposed to provide a sound mind in a sound body. If it doesn't, then the American statistics apply more or less to the Soviet Union, and each country has something to fear from the nervous cases and Joan-of-Arc aspirants of the other.

In the United States there are over 500,000 beds in state hospitals for mental illness alone. Of course many of the occupants are completely harmless; on the other hand, the number of beds is considered to be inadequate. If serious neuroses are added to diagnosed psychotic cases, a total of three million does not seem excessive. The National Health Education Committee estimates that one in every ten Americans suffers from some form of mental illness or personality disturbance. Since the population over voting age is in excess of 100 million, this would indicate that about ten million Americans have emotional difficulties ranging from mild but clinically recognizable disturbance to grave illness.

The emotionally disturbed worker is said (*Wall Street Journal*, June 30, 1958) to constitute industry's top medical problem. It has long been believed that psychological factors are behind many accidents; in a recent survey of 38,000 industrial accidents, psychogenic factors were found to have played a part in 80 per cent. During a five-year period at one du Pont plant, 7 per cent of the personnel consulted a company psychiatrist. Dr. Gerald Gordon, one of du Pont's two full-time psychiatrists, estimates, on the basis of his own and other data, that there are probably three to four times as many cases as are seen. This means that over a five-year period, some 30 per cent of the employees requested, or should have requested, psychiatric help. Since du Pont employees are probably representative of employees of large corporations, and these in turn are probably representative of military personnel, the problem of unauthorized use of nuclear weapons and missiles is very real unless the most stringent measures are taken to screen the operational personnel assigned to them.

MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL abnormalities are, unhappily, by no means the only ones to be guarded against. Moderate to heavy drinking is common in military organizations. In May, 1944, an American major general stationed in England was sent back home by General Eisenhower because he had revealed the date of D-Day to civilians at several cocktail parties. Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart has cited several instances of drinking in both world wars leading to behavior among officers which (assuming the officers had access to nuclear explosives) could precipitate accidental war. Service conditions in themselves may give rise to precipitative tensions. When the Strategic Air Command moved entire bomber wings to overseas bases for three months at a time, a high divorce rate and poor morale among crew members were noted. There is a close correlation between domestic difficulties, alcoholism, hypertension and indiscriminately hostile behavior in some individuals. Finally, missile service per se may be conducive to instability. General McCorkle mentions "the problem of maintaining an alert status month after month, year after year," with only "dry-running" instead of the normal flying activities of an operational air organization, and predicts that the ballistic missile commander "will encounter some fairly difficult personnel problems as a result. . . ."

It would be unwarranted optimism, moreover, to assume that classifiable psychopathology is a necessary factor in the triggering of an accidental war. U.S. Major General Orvil A. Anderson, who precipitated an international incident in 1950, would probably be regarded as normal by the great majority of his countrymen and very likely also by a medical board. General Anderson, commandant of the Air War College, declared in a speech before an audience of civilians that, if ordered, he was prepared to "break up Russia's five A-bomb nests in a week" and "when I went up to Christ, I think I could explain to him that I had saved civilization." Anderson was relieved of his command by General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, but applied for retirement.

It is surely conceivable that, given the opportunity, a fanatic like Anderson, who did not hesitate to violate security by revealing that he knew the number and location of Soviet atomic plants, might carry out a bombing operation on his own responsibility. And there may be other Andersons in important positions in the military hierarchy.

Still farther within the accepted limits of normality stand other advocates of preventive war who might be impelled to take matters into their own hands. The axiom that the United States will never strike the first blow is axiomatic only as long as it is unexamined. True, the average American would not start a nuclear war, but we are not concerned with him. He is not in a position to start one if he would;

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his duty is merely to support any embroilment his betters see fit to engage in. The extrapolation from this well-intentioned but impotent civilian and yes-man to the professional military man is hazardous indeed. Nor is it at all necessary to picture the professional as a bloodthirsty enemy of humanity. He has his obligations as a soldier. It is practically official Air Force doctrine that an air-nuclear war between the superpowers is inevitable. If it is inevitable, it had better be fought at a time most favorable for the United States. The time must be determined by experts on the basis of military intelligence, uncomplicated by womanish reluctance to face the facts. It is a truism going back to Seneca that success makes some crimes honorable — and what crimes if not patriotic ones? Shall not the unencumbered individual or sodality act when the military bureaucracy cannot or will not?

A suggestion worth noting in this connection is put forward in the *United States Air Force Report on the Ballistic Missile* (Doubleday, 1958) by Col. Harvey W. C. Shelton of the Air War College:

> It seems clear that a ballistic missile's support and launch facilities must be extensive, expensive, elaborate and interdependently important to the successful launch of the weapon . . . that even behind an iron curtain [the existence and location of such facilities] will not long remain a mystery. If one knew when to act, pretty straightforward techniques should be highly effective in destroying the nests before the birds fly. Many will be quick to point out that this Achilles' heel of a ballistic-missile system seems well beyond the reach of a nation committed against aggression. *It is too early to decide to ignore this potential vulnerability of the ballistic missile.* [Italics added.]

Short of preventive war — for the present — the Air Force is not without its activists, and their activities do not stop short of the Russian borders. Nor is it likely that their missions are performed without the knowledge of the Chief of Staff and the Supreme Commander himself. Hanson Baldwin and others have reported such flights. In the January, 1958, issue of *Missiles and Rockets*, Seabrook Hull, an associate editor, is even more specific:

> The Strategic Air Command still provides the United States with an overwhelming retaliatory ability over the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, according to Pentagon experts . . . Numerous and continuing SAC flights over the sovereign territory of the USSR demonstrate this. . . . Their [SAC] aircraft continue to fly over the Soviet Union with a relative degree of immunity. It is true that modern Russian fighters attack our bombers with major advantages of altitude, speed and maneuverability. It is also true that they score some hits. But so far no attacks have been made by the Russians with missiles, either because they don't have anti-aircraft missiles that are operational or because the Reds don't want to tip their hand. In any case, U.S. radar and photographic missions over the Russian land mass continue with a fair degree of success and immunity. . . . Two years hence, however, it is a safe assumption that the Reds will have both our cities and our bases zeroed in with ICBMs; that they will be able to destroy us and that because of their capability then with anti-aircraft missiles, our retaliatory capability will be seriously diminished.

"If one knew when to act. . . ." The Japanese officers thought they knew when they sank U.S.S. *Panay* in 1937. They thought they knew on December 7, 1941. It was of no avail; but they were not then equipped with nuclear weapons. Early in 1959, our IRBMs will be emplaced in Europe, perhaps also in Asia. By 1960, "our retaliatory capability will be seriously diminished." It is not clear why, since we are developing long-range missiles at top speed. But some may think so, more or less wishfully. They may even have the excuse of self-delusion: there are always those lusting for a plausible reason to let slip the dogs of war which nowadays are supersonic missiles. The ambiguities of radar will still afford numerous opportunities for honest, as well as calculated, errors.

Such is the timetable. It would be interesting to know whether the high controllers are reckoning with the arrivals and departures the timetable may foretell.

Argentina Rides Two Tigers . . *by David Smyth*

Buenos Aires

ONE OF THE most crucial questions which has had to be faced in many countries in the twentieth century is whether it is possible to overthrow a modern totalitarian regime whose arbitrary power rests on a large measure of popular support. The success of the 1955 revolution against General Perón's demagogic dictatorship is one instance to prove that it is not only possible, but can be done without foreign assistance.

The very fact, however, that this problem can be successfully solved leads to another and graver problem: How does one re-establish law and order in a country grown used to despotism, insure the social harmony of a republic split between democratic and totalitarian principles, and lay the foundations for the economic recovery of a nation brought to the verge of bankruptcy by the wastefulness and corruption of a totalitarian planned economy? This is the complex juridical, political and economic problem Argentina faces under President Frondizi.

The President, a wily political lawyer addicted to self-contradictory campaign promises, was elected to

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power last May by playing up an unnatural alliance of hostile factions. If he can satisfy the contradictory demands of his supporters by democratic methods, as he intends, the problem is solved. If he fails to reconcile the apparently irreconcilable, there will be an armed coup and some form of authoritarian rule again. The outcome, to say the least, is doubtful, and anyone intending to make any investments in Argentina would be well advised to weigh the events of the last few years before drawing any hasty conclusions about future developments.

THERE are a number of reasons to account for the success of the 1955 revolution against Perón. The country was sinking into an economic morass. Argentina had done well out of World War II; indeed, on coming to power shortly after, Perón boasted that the clerks had difficulty in moving about in the Central Bank, there was so much gold stacked up in the corridors. All this had evaporated by 1955; Perón and several of his hangers-on had immense fortunes cached away abroad, artificially created industries had mushroomed, labor was accustomed to having all its demands fulfilled for the asking, productivity had remained stationary for ten years, nationalized industries were incurring ever-mounting losses, a rising population was reducing exportable surpluses, reserves were dwindling, and even the expedient of inflation was proving insufficient to keep labor satisfied.

To counteract the increased hostility arising from his economic difficulties, Perón signed a contract with an American oil company, thus making his position doubly worse by turning nationalist sentiment against him, for his own propaganda machine had ceaselessly preached against foreign "oil imperialism." He was also in trouble with the Church, which viewed with distaste, among other things, his weakness for schoolgirls. An abortive revolt in June, 1955, was followed by the burning down of several churches by Peronista mobs and the burning of the Argentine flag on the Congress building, a crime which Perón fastened onto the political opposition, hoping to counteract the initiative they were gaining from his mounting difficulties.

This was the beginning of the end. By September, 1955, disgusted Army and Air Force officers were strong enough to rise in several provinces; they were supported by the entire Navy. This time no mistakes were made, and Perón was forced into exile.

General Lonardi, leader of the victorious revolution and an honorable soldier, lacked the political sense of balance to keep himself in power, and on falling under the influence of the clericalist wing of the revolution, was deposed and succeeded by General Aramburu, a leader of more liberal inclinations, who declared his firm intention of handing over the government to a freely elected President in two years' time.

General Aramburu's provisional government did some drastic cleaning up of the mess left behind by Perón. The entire body of Peronista legislators was impeached on a charge of high treason, the dictator's suspiciously enriched supporters were thoroughly investigated, elections were called for a Constituent Assembly to reform the Peronista constitution of 1949, a Peronista counter-revolution was rapidly squashed, the dictator's press and radio propaganda machinery was broken up and sold to private owners, and freedom of the press was re-established. The government export monopoly was abolished and foreign trade returned to private hands, agreement was reached about Argentina's debts to foreign countries and about the return of German property confiscated during the war and operated ever since by the state. The good name of Argentina was thus restored abroad and the country re-entered the comity of American nations through the South Atlantic Treaty Organization and other pacts.

ALL THIS reconstruction, however, still left fundamental problems unsolved, which Aramburu's government felt itself incompetent to deal with due to its provisional nature. This is where we come to the problem Argentina faces today. The Constituent Assembly called in 1957 to reform the constitution, elected by a system of proportional representation, gave an indication of Argentine public opinion. The vote was split into four roughly equal parts: a quarter to the People's Radicals and another quarter to over a dozen minority parties, all outspokenly committed to the cause of the anti-Perón revolution; and, on the other hand, a quarter each to the Peronistas (who, having no candidates, turned in blank votes) and — to the anger of anti-Perón opinion — the Intransigent Radicals.

Arturo Frondizi, leader of the Intransigent Radicals, although decidedly against Perón during the dictatorship, had now seen the political advantages to be gained from wooing the leaderless Peronista vote and had consequently veered round into a hostile attitude toward Aramburu's provisional regime.

CAMPAIGNING again in the Presidential elections in February, 1958, he came out even more outspokenly for the Peronistas, making them promises which, if fulfilled, would amount to the re-establishment of Peronista rule. Perón himself, from his exile in the Dominican Republic, ordered his supporters to vote for Frondizi. In spite of this danger, Aramburu, overriding the indignant opposition of some of his Army officers, undertook to hand over the government, whoever the winner might be.

The election was held on the two-party system, which provides representation in Congress only for the majority and the largest minority. The smaller parties thus lost part of their voting strength; nevertheless, the voting followed substantially the same pattern as the previous election — in a new alignment. Frondizi, with about half the electorate now supporting him (Intransigent Radicals, Peronistas and Communists), was thus enabled to capture the entire Senate and two-thirds of the seats in the Chamber of Deputies, the other third going to the People's Radicals. All other parties were left out in the cold.

The overwhelming strength of Frondizi's parliamentary majority thus conceals the precarious balance

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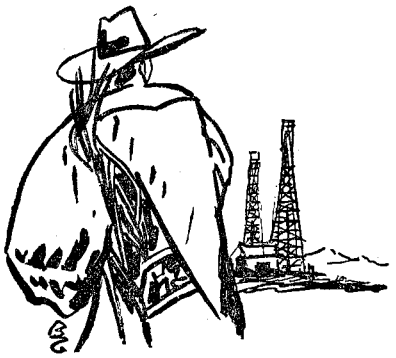
on which it rests. There is an old saying that a man who goes for a ride on a tiger does not know when he will dismount, but Frondizi is a man riding on two tigers, one fervently pro-Perón and the other passionately against, and he cannot transfer too much weight off one without the other uttering menacing snarls. A good illustration of this is provided by one of his first measures as President: the amnesty law pardoning all Peronista political offenders (including Perón himself) condemned by the provisional government. The wide scope of the law alarmed the people who had no relish for Perón's return, and the fact that the law was partially stalemated by being applied in each individual case by judges appointed by the provisional government angered the Peronistas. When Frondizi, to placate the Peronistas, attempted to remove these judges, there were resignations in the Supreme Court, disorders and strikes in the lay courts, and a general outcry against the subversion of the judicial power. Frondizi was thus enabled to reinstate the judges, having shown both factions that he cannot give either of them everything he promised without unleashing the fury of the other. How long he can preserve this balance is problematic. It is evident, at all events, that he cannot fulfill most of his campaign promises and that he is counting on staying in power, notwithstanding, by playing one tiger off against the other.

AS RECENTLY as last month, the game seemed to swing once more toward the Perón side, when the Senate and Chamber of Deputies passed a bill re-establishing a single General Labor Confederation as the supreme power in labor matters. This bill, closely modeled on the one in effect when Perón ruled and playing into the hands of the pro-Perón unions which still enroll a majority of organized workers, is opposed by the Catholic Church, business and professional organizations, almost the entire press and, of course, the anti-Perón unions. Frondizi has not yet signed it, but the feeling is that he will do so.

Perhaps his toughest dilemma is



in the economic field. Argentina's run-down economy is in desperate need of foreign capital, but Frondizi came to power riding on the wave of nationalist sentiment hostile to foreign capital first set in motion by Perón. Having promised that the German firms confiscated during the war would be kept in the hands of the state, Frondizi now finds himself forced by the need for German capital to return them to their former owners. Having promised to maintain the government's oil monopoly, which is unable to supply more than 40 per cent of Argentina's oil needs despite large proven reserves and which consequently drains the country of $300 million a year for imported oil, he has been forced by the circumstances to sign contracts with United States, German and Belgian oil firms to the sum of $1 billion.

Oil is really the crux of Argentina's economic difficulties. Though the prospecting of a mere 5 per cent of the country's land area has uncovered oil reserves sufficient for thirty years, the state oil monopoly is unable to finance the exploitation of more than a fraction of this (which in any case it does at a loss). Argentine industry therefore languishes for lack of power while sitting on a lake of inaccessible oil, and this progressive economic anemia in turn progressively reduces any hope that the country will develop the one resource which could trigger off a chain-reaction in the development of all the rest. Private capital, both native and foreign, could be called in, but stubborn nationalist feeling has not allowed this solution so far. Frondizi's decision to negotiate limited contracts with foreign combines would appear to break this vicious circle. But the hard fact is that oil prospecting has never been a gilt-edged security: Frondizi must either place the financial burden and the risks involved on the investing companies, in which case they can only be expected to operate on the basis of a concession; or if he wants to placate nationalist opposition by limiting their rights, he must place the burden and the risk on the Argentine state. Here he would appear to be caught in his own trap, since a doctrinaire book he wrote on the oil problem at the time of Perón's unfortunate experiment precludes him from giving any outright concessions, and in fact his recent public pronouncements on his own negotiations emphasize that the foreign oil combines will operate as mere agents of the state oil monopoly. But how is the Argentine Government, which by his own admission is on the verge of bankruptcy, to meet the risks involved? Add to this a legal problem: in order to forestall nationalist accusations that he has sold out to "foreign oil imperialism," Frondizi has tabled a bill declaring all oil reserves to be the "inalienable property of the nation," while at the same time several oil-producing provinces, tired of being milked by the state oil monopoly, without being paid any royalties, have written an article into their constitution declaring their oil reserves "the inalienable property of the province." Whether the Argentine state or the province is the competent authority is a legal and constitutional problem which the oil companies can expect the Supreme Court of Argentina to mull over for many a long year.

ALL THIS costs Frondizi votes and popularity without achieving really satisfactory solutions. One campaign promise which he kept — a 60 per cent wage increase for labor — has merely pushed prices up that much higher, an outcome which may satisfy classic economic theories but not the Argentine worker.

To sum up the situation, the problem stated at the beginning of this article does not seem to be anywhere near solution by Frondizi on his present record. As regards insuring law and order in a country grown used to despotism, there is an influential

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current of opinion in Argentina's armed forces which doubts Frondizi's capacity in this respect. The Navy, despite the country's economic plight, has insisted on the purchase of the British aircraft-carrier *Warrior*, ostensibly to match the sistership recently acquired by Brazil, but more probably to even up the Navy's position with the Army and Air Force in the event of armed intervention. As regards restoring the social harmony of a republic split between democratic and totalitarian principles, there is merely an uneasy truce between Peronista and anti-Perón forces. This division is apparent even within the President's own parliamentary support. In passing the labor law — a law backed by Peronista trade unions — some of Frondizi's Intransigent Radical deputies supported the measure, while others walked out of the chamber together with the opposition. This internal dissension will be exacerbated as the Peronista party reorganizes; some of Frondizi's deputies will be sorely tempted to go over to the Peronistas; the others, in that event, will feel urged to join forces with the opposition People's Radicals.

The key to the whole question lies in the last part of the problem: the economic recovery of a nation brought to the verge of bankruptcy by the inefficiency and corruption of Perón's totalitarian economy. If Frondizi can rid both himself (as he has shown signs of doing) and a large current of public opinion of the bankrupt economic nationalism prevailing today, he has a good chance of reaching a solution. But if he does not get results fast enough, there are powerful forces on either side who are both willing and capable of armed revolt. In that event, however, whoever comes to power would still face the ineluctable dilemma: Argentina is not going to get anywhere without a strong dose of foreign capital.

A SQUARE FOOT OF SKY . . *by Eugene Raskin*

POETS AND TRAVEL agents may speak of "the shimmering spires of Manhattan"; lovers in Central Park may thrill to the "fairyland of lighted towers";—but to the builders of the spires and towers it's not the glamour, but the rentable square footage that counts—and counts, and counts. After all, that's what brings in the money.

Of course, it goes without saying that most commercial building in New York, or any other city, exists for the purpose of earning money; but the "maximum square footage" policy, though already obsolete by any standard, is still the majority approach. The reasoning goes something like this: When land is scarce and high-priced, we must make every inch of it pay. Since we can't spread out horizontally as we might in a suburban or rural area, we must use every available bit of our site, and expand in the vertical dimension to provide enough income-producing floor space to bring a return on our investment. If in addition we achieve some architectural beauty, so much the better. But beauty is by-the-by; it's the square feet that put the caviar on the cracker.

As an example, the latest giant edifice to afflict Manhattan (100 Church Street) is described in a special supplement to the Sunday *New York Times* as "occupying a full block . . . [and containing] nearly one million square feet of rentable space."

This primary preoccupation with rentable space has the inevitable result that our cities (New York most of all) are becoming jammed with huge masses of anonymous, impersonal, steel-and-glass boxes, whose shapes and elements are as indistinguishable, equivalent and replaceable as the stacks of cereal boxes in the supermarket. If architecture is the evidence by which anthropologists study a past culture, some savant of the future may easily pre-date the first appearance of the mechanical man by a hundred years. Indeed, the man who leaves his impersonal project apartment in the morning, and journeys by an impersonal subway car to his job in an impersonal office building, comes perilously close to having accepted his status as a statistical item in a mechanical society, rather than a breathing, unique individual. When your entire environment consists of endlessly duplicated units, identified only by numbers, it is hard not to think of yourself in the same terms.

Visually speaking, perhaps the worst consequence of the "maximum square footage" policy is the relative disappearance of the sky. In the early decades of our century, when most buildings were low, the few skyscrapers that were built (the Woolworth Building, the Singer Building, and later on the Chrysler, Empire State and RCA Buildings) were seen silhouetted against large areas of sky and clouds. This was as it should be, for skyscrapers, like bargains, must be seen to be appreciated. Today, with rare exceptions, the jumble of big buildings is so dense that any single one can barely be glimpsed between and among its neighbors. It becomes a case where you can't see the trees for the forest.

With regard to many of these anonymous buildings, it is just as well that they are not readily seen, for they are stylistically as uninspired as the motivation behind their erection. The architects whose offices are busily grinding out plans for more and more rentable square footage can hardly be blamed for being content with wrapping their buildings in the latest sheet aluminum, steel or glass cliché. Not that there's anything wrong with these membrane enclosures—on the contrary,

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they represent the highest level of structural efficiency—but as every fashion-conscious woman knows, even the finest fabric must be draped artfully, and on a figure appropriate to it. The enclosing of any and all building shapes in the same type of membrane is as disastrous, aesthetically, as it would be to jam any and all women into the same kind of chemise dress. (Not that that isn't being attempted.)

HAPPILY, there are always the exceptions—and in this case the exceptions point the way to a new approach to urban building which, if not revolutionary, is at least potentially capable of changing the faces of our cities. As with every important idea, it is basically simple, and actually not at all new. It consists of the rediscovery of the sky. After all, a skyscraper should have some sky to scrape; otherwise it's like a violinist without a fiddle—plenty of motion, but precious little music.

As already mentioned, the early designers of skyscrapers didn't have to worry about the sky. There was plenty of it around. But since the thirties, it has become an increasingly rare commodity.

The first significant realization of the preciousness of the sky came with Rockefeller Center, whose architects so brilliantly organized their use of the site that areas of sky, like negative spaces in painting, were an integral part of the composition. They could, of course, have provided a great deal more rentable square footage by building on the whole site, which is what they would have done had they followed the majority policy; instead, they chose to be "uneconomical" with their site, devoting large parts of it to plazas, promenades and terraces. (I have put the word "uneconomical" in quotes because, in point of fact, their decision proved to be most economical.) What they did had a lot to do with making Rockefeller Center a landmark, a much-photographed tourist attraction, giving it a name and a prestige of such consequence that the address "Rockefeller Center" on a business letterhead brings a dollar-and-cents return. What's more, the thousands who each morning come to work there feel, willy-nilly, at least a small glow of pride at being associated with such surroundings. The result is that, lean times or fat, Rockefeller Center has no trouble with rentals. In short, the idealism of *not building* to the limit, of devoting expensive land to a view of the sky, has proved to be most practical.

CONSIDERING the depression and the war that followed, it is not surprising that it was more than twenty years before the pioneering example of Rockefeller Center was taken up again in New York City, with the building of Lever House, on Park Avenue. Here, on some of the costliest land in the city, in an area built up to the last square inch like a solid cliff line, there suddenly appeared *open space.* A setback from the street, a plaza — and, lo and behold, a tower of green glass against *sky*! New Yorkers blinked, builders mused, architects argued; some liked it, some didn't—but all agreed it was an event.

Now another tower has risen on Park Avenue—the Seagram Building, designed by the master of formalism, Mies van der Rohe. Here is a truly large plaza, offering a good perspective distance from which to view the building, and really magnificent portions of sky to frame it. In contrast to the stainless steel or aluminum of its contemporaries and neighbors, this building uses bronze, obviously not so much for utilitarian reasons (there has already been some difficulty with maintaining the color) as for pure aesthetic effect. The passerby, realizing that something has been done for no reason but to please him, feels a sense of personal gratification all too rare in this day of hard heads and hard sells.

There are, of course, other buildings in New York which make use of the sky; by being near one of the rivers, or on the fringes of the densely constructed areas, they have a kind of built-in sky situation. But the above three are the notable ones whose planners have deliberately, as a matter of considered policy, sacrificed portions of expensive land in order *to create* volumes of air and views of the sky, rather than exploit the site to its fullest buildable capacity.

HERE, THEN, is the crux of the conflict in the field of skyscraper construction: whether you will aim for maximum rentable square footage by building to the saturation point, or build less square footage and thus enhance the value of what you do build (in terms of human satisfaction as well as dollars) by taking advantage of what need not be built, what is already there and need only be cherished.

To repeat, the former approach is still the majority one, but the latter is rapidly proving itself, to the crassest of commercial minds no less than to the aesthete and humanist. There is, of course, no predicting how long it will take before the conversion is complete enough for the skyscraper-with-sky to be the rule rather than the exception. (These monstrous boxes may look flimsy, but they're surprisingly sturdy, and will be with us for many a year.) But that the trend is in effect at all is one of the happiest aspects of urban American architecture.

Land has been lord too long; we are at last rediscovering heaven. Some day we may read the announcement that a new skyscraper offers, for every square foot of rentable space, a square foot of sky.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Identity of Keats

THE LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS: 1814-1821. Edited by Hyder E. Rollins. Harvard University Press. 2 vols. 882 pp. $20.

W. S. Merwin

THIS "sensuous man of a badly bred and badly trained sort" — it is Matthew Arnold pronouncing — writes like "a surgeon's apprentice"; his letters show "the abandonment of all reticence and dignity." Arnold delivered himself of this judgment in 1880, in reference to Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne, some of which had been published two years earlier. It was not, as Mr. Hyder E. Rollins points out in his introduction to this immense, magnificent edition of Keats's letters, the only outburst of pishery-tushery which that correspondence provoked. Coventry Patmore could find nothing in those letters that "deserves a much better name than 'lust'," and he detected "artifice and cold self-consciousness in his most rhapsodical outpourings." And Swinburne's devotion to the exemplary led him to denounce not only the love-letters but "the last piteous outcries of his wailing and shrieking agony"; they not only "ought never to have been published, it is no less certain that they ought never to have been written; that a manful kind of man, or even a manly sort of boy, in his love-making or in his suffering, will not howl and snivel after such a lamentable fashion." In mid-twentieth century it requires a certain amount of mental acrobatics to light upon what in the letters to Fanny Brawne could have given such offense to some of the Victorians. Apparently it was the naked fervor of these letters, and their unceremonious, unconditional, deliberately unprotected commitment to a passion, rather than any particularly suggestive writing, that shocked them. The letters are too *personal*; their emotions are too direct and unabashed; they should not have been written to a lady, and they should not have been made public — that, I take it, is what the objection amounted to. The "outcries" that impelled Swinburne to thump his chest are easier to pick out. There is, for example, this, from a letter written in Naples on November 1, 1820, four months before Keats's death:

> I fear there is no one can give me any comfort. Is there any news of George? O, that something fortunate had ever happened to me or my brothers! — then I might hope, — but despair is forced upon me as a habit. My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate for ever. . . . I am afraid to write to her. I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh, Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast. It surprised me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery. Was I born for this end?

It is awesome to think that Swinburne *must have genuinely believed that his* opinion was a reflection on *Keats*.

SURELY there are now few deader horses around for the flogging than this one of the propriety of Keats's letters. But Arnold's distaste is still interesting. For one thing, he was a great critic and any opinion of his, however grotesque it may seem now, is likely to be illuminating. And for another, Arnold's stuffiness has an odd effect: it suddenly makes Arnold's 1880 seem much more dim and remote than the short period, sixty years earlier, that is the setting of Keats's letters. It does not have this effect, certainly, because we are any less prone to moral snobbery than Arnold was — our sense of nicety, such as it is, is simply different. It is just that stuffiness quite often has a blurring effect; it fosters remoteness and makes it welcome. And in this case it points up, by contrast, one of the most remarkable things in Keats's letters: the presence which they convey of a human identity. Keats himself was fascinated by this matter of human presence. "His identity presses upon me so all day that I am obliged to go out," he wrote in September, 1818, about his brother Tom, when he was alone in the house with Tom, nursing him day and night while he lay dying of the same consumption that was to destroy John, too, less than two and a half years later. Three months after this letter, he wrote to his brother George and George's wife, in America, "Suppose Brown or Haslam or any one whom I understand in the nether degree to what I do you, were in America, they would be so much the farther from me in proportion as their identity was less impressed upon me." He goes on to say, "Now the reason why I do not feel at the present moment so far from you is that I remember your Ways and Manners and actions . . . I know what shape your joy or your sorrow would take . . . and every action so truly that you seem near me. You will remember me in the same manner. . . ." We, on the other hand, cannot really claim to know Keats's "Ways and Manners," and we certainly would be incapable of predicting what shape his joy or sorrow would take, and yet his identity presses upon us, and it resembles no one else's.

He is inconsistent, unpredictable, in fact unstable, and he knows it, part of the time: "It is a wretched thing to confess; but is a very fact that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature." His famous description of the poetic character, in the same letter (". . . it is not itself . . . it lives in gusto. . . . It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things any more than from its taste for the bright one. . . . A Poet is the most unpoetical of any thing in existence; because he has no Identity. . . .") is at least in part a rationalization of this quality in himself and his awareness of it. "I carry all matters to an extreme," he writes elsewhere, "—so that when I have any little vexation it grows in five minutes into a theme for Sophocles — then and in that temper if I write to any friend I have so little self-possession that I give him matter for grieving at the very time perhaps when I am laughing at a Pun." It should be noted that Keats mentions these qualities when writing to friends whose absolute sympathy he can count on, and is far from repentant about his faults. He is fascinated by them, delighted; he dramatizes them at moments. He is young, and he is exploring the character that makes, and hopes to make, the poems; he is not really concerned with finding excuses for it. This may be called plain selfishness, and maybe it was. He wrote that he "suspected everybody," he even suspected "myself and the genuiness [sic] of my feelings. . . ." He had a "horrid Morbidity of Temperament." "I have asked myself so often," he wrote, "why I should be a Poet more than other Men," and in another letter,

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"I am sometimes so very skeptical as to think Poetry itself a mere Jack a lantern to amuse whoever may be struck with its brilliance." He can be wonderfully flat-footed — he copies the rich sonnet, "When I have fears that I may cease to be . . ." into a letter, and under the last line writes, "I must take a turn, and then write to Teignmouth." He is acid and grating in a few of the letters to Fanny Brawne, when his jealousy has been roused, or when he feels she has rebuffed him. He can be ungenerous, as in his answer to Shelley's touching and magnanimous invitation to him to spend the winter of 1819-20 at Shelley's house in Italy for the sake of his health. He was sensitive about his small stature, and though often gay, he was often uneasy in society and in the company of women.

AND having pointed to trait after trait that is undeniably his, are we any nearer to being able to say what it is that makes the letters impress a sense of him upon us still? Or what makes the famous passages on imaginary troubles versus real ones, or on the poetic character and poetry, so exciting that ever since they were published they have seemed to generation after generation of young readers a sort of "Open Sesame," and so memorable that their drift and phrasing here and there have passed into the language? Partly this is like asking what makes Keats Keats; there is no answer, but if you really want to know, go back and read him again — you may come closer to the secret, though very likely you will be no nearer to being able to give it names. But part of the difficulty of describing the letters stems from this: the character of Keats himself which they reveal was not sharply defined, however clear and unmistakable; and the qualities which stir and live in the letters are themselves amorphous as clouds. Youth, for one. And everything that is meant by spirit. And—in a way which Keats shares with no other writer I know — an intoxication with the present moment. This last was both a great strength and a weakness. It helps to explain the headiness of some of the letters, and also why Keats — though the "I" of his poems seems very seldom to be John Keats, Esq., Wentworth Place, Hamstead, but rather "The Poetic Youth" — is one of the great personal poets of the language.

It is hard to tell how much of this personal quality, which for us haunts the whole of Keats, is due to our familiarity with the letters, for it is practically impossible now to imagine what our images of Keats would be without them.

Speaking as a layman — and I am not qualified to speak as anything else— I cannot conceive of a more superb edition of the letters than this one. New letters, quantities of recent scholarship, have gone into it; there is, apart from every known letter from Keats, a large number written to and about him, and there are other pieces of immensely convenient information, such as biographical sketches of Keats's correspondents. It is a handsome contribution to the identity of the complex, impetuous "noble animal" who wrote both "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" and "I fear I am too prudent for a dying kind of Lover. Yet, there is a great difference between going off in warm blood like Romeo, and making one's exit like a frog in a frost — ."

The Working Out of a Theory

THE AMERICAN NOVEL AND ITS TRADITION. By Richard Chase. A Doubleday Anchor Original. 266 pp. 95c.

R. W. Flint

THIS is one of those rare books in which a large movement of critical speculation crystallizes out. For someone like myself whose education in the field began with Matthiessen's *American Renaissance* and Kazin's *On Native Grounds*, it has been absorbing to watch the alembication in Mr. Chase's mind over the last decade of a dozen or so lines of influence —Tocquevillian, Jamesian, Lawrencian, Leavisite, new critical, Trillingesque, Matthiessenian, etc.—into what is now, in this excellent book, as original and illuminating a critical theory as we have had in many years. Chase's theory of American fiction is one of those "laws" which suddenly appear *in medias res* to astonish the discoverer as much as the public, and are likely to be missed entirely by readers looking for only another smooth compilation of the reigning academic clichés, or another expert accommodation of literary theory to a currently popular extra-literary philosophy. Mr. Chase's theory is experimental in the best Newtonian sense and synthetic in the best Coleridgian, a matter of hitting an unseen target by a long process of undershooting and overshooting.

One felt the outlines of this impending "discovery" in his earlier books on myth, Melville, Dickinson and Whitman, and responded to his openness and stretch of mind, his willingness to let the extremes make themselves felt at the provisional cost of a central incoherence and loss of suavity in argument. For some critics, suavity and coherence are all-important. The extremes are something to be exorcized, sublimated or transcended in a body of criticism meant from the beginning to have the texture and consistency of a work of art. Sainte-Beuve is the prime example. In a sense, this formal perfection is the ideal of all criticism, all reviewing; when you find it in combination with the oracular wit and momentum of a Johnson or Eliot, you have something unbeatable. Mr. Chase's chief instincts, however, have been neither those of a reformer of taste, a moral evangelist nor a superior entertainer, but rather those of a polemical naturalist who explores Melville's wilder speculations about the self and society, Emily Dickinson's magnificent apostrophes to Death, Whitman's comic sense, with all the loving care that other critics have devoted to showing how far short these writers fall of the great Homeric or Shakespearean standards of vested humanistic wisdom.

BUT every true scientist of the imagination must have an imagination to match his science. John Maynard Keynes demonstrated this conclusively in the essay where he describes Newton as essentially a seventeenth-century *magus*, alchemist and prophet rather than the eighteenth-century Man of Reason he became when his creative span was over. Mr. Chase is the kind of sensitive reader who needs a theory in order to read, but as a hypothesis rather than a prop, inductively rather than deductively, much as a painter "discovers" a set of forms in the act of painting. He began an essay of 1948 on Faulkner's *Light in August*, as follows:

> Without ado I wish to direct attention to the symbolic texture of *Light in August*. This texture is very much a matter of mechanics and dynamics — a poetry of physics. Repeatedly Faulkner presents appearance, event and even character in the images of stasis, motion, velocity, weight, lightness, mass, line, relative position, circle, sphere, emptiness, fullness, light and dark.

This may not be the most graceful or conciliatory of approaches, but fondness

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for the abstract is *there* in Faulkner; and the critic who gravitates immediately to the unique and experimental is the critic who will eventually see the more traditional elements of an art in their truest perspective. There's an important difference between Chase's approach and the approach which looks first for parallels with Freud or Marx or Leavis or Shakespeare or Aristotle. It takes time to ripen. The "poetry" Mr. Chase now finds in Faulkner and others is not so much a poetry *of* physics as a poetry *like* that of physics.

HIS "rich passion for extremes," in James's phrase, has come up with a theory which pretty well closes the gap in his earlier books, a thematic equation which makes further speculation along the same lines not only possible but attractive. Unfortunately for a reviewer, the book's general demonstration is more convincing than any short version of his theory. Relative space given to Cooper, Twain and Norris, as against the more combed-over classics of Hawthorne, Melville and Faulkner, figures in the argument. The theory works with special effectiveness in admirable essays on Howells' *The Vacation of the Kelwyns* and Cable's *The Grandissimes*. His introductory essay, "The Broken Circuit," skirts the issue without quite driving it out of ambush (and there's a slightly damaging touch of chauvinism, I think, when he tries to boost American fiction at the expense of British by writing that: "Explorers see more deeply, darkly, privately and disinterestedly than imperialists, who must perforce be circumspect and prudential." In what way is Hawthorne, for instance, deeper, darker, more disinterested or less prudential than Dickens?). But a reviewer's digest might go as follows: Whereas the classic British novel *in general* "is notable for its great practical sanity, its powerful, engrossing composition of wide ranges of experience into a moral centrality and equability of judgement" (*vide* Leavis' *The Great Tradition*), the American novel has tended, relatively, to make the most of its extremes and to rest on them, to revel in a "profound poetry of disorder." "The English novel, that is, follows the tendency of tragic art and Christian art, which characteristically move through contradictions to forms of harmony, reconciliation, catharsis and transfiguration." The American novel, on the other hand, leans heavily on fable, allegory and "romance" to avoid coming to *explicit* moral terms with the contradictions of American experience. It is oblique, melodramatic and addicted to the pastoral idyl, far more than any European literature.

The "romance," as Northrop Frye demonstrates in his *Anatomy of Criticism*, is a particular form with a particular history, psychology and aesthetics, no mere feeble offshoot of the novel proper. It can be used to great effect by true novelists like Dostoevsky, James and Dickens and is rarely absent altogether. But it has suited the American experience well enough to have become a dominant form, to have become in its turn the expropriator of other fictional forms. The dialectical tension between romance and novel in American fiction, as Mr. Chase sees it, is permanent and fruitful, surviving our swings of interest between the poles of traditionalism, naturalism, experimentalism and social reform. His sense of this stable indecision gives him the courage to face the destructive element, the death-seeking strain in our literature ("Lo! Death has reared himself a throne/In a strange city lying alone/Far down within the dim West . . . — Poe) which impressed D. H. Lawrence so much. If the essence of good criticism is accurate description, as I think it is, Mr. Chase has made a solid contribution.

The Comic Spirit

BALTHAZAR. By Lawrence Durrell. E. P. Dutton & Co. 250 pp. $3.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

LAWRENCE DURRELL's *Justine* was certainly one of the finest novels of the last ten years. Now it turns out that it was just the first of four concerned with the same people and circumstances. It should make a tetrology of the rank of Ford Madox Ford's Tietjens series, which was one of the major novels of the first half of the twentieth century.

Balthazar is not a sequel, it is a complete recapitulation. The story is told over, in the same circuitous and enveloping fashion, the method invented by Conrad and Ford, this time from the perspective of three characters who play a secondary role in the first novel — Balthazar, Cleo, Pursewarden. *Justine* emerged from asides, footnotes and contradictions as a compact, inevitably directed tragedy, as organized as Aristotle's prescriptions, in spite of, or because of, its most un-Aristotelian methods. It seemed to have its inescapable truth. Now, seen by other eyes, the people, the web of events and motives, turn out to be completely different. Everything is taken apart and put together again to make another truth, equally inescapable. That is certainly a tour de force, as though Proust were four brothers and sisters, and usually tours de force bore me. Tales of the rich, idle and rotten bore me, too. But Lawrence Durrell is able to bring his magic off. If anything, this installment is more convincing than *Justine*. I think the reason is that this kind of relationship of author to work of art is essentially comic, in the sense that Machiavelli's *Mandragola* and Ben Jonson's *Volpone* are comic—not in the sense that there is anything funny about them. *Balthazar* does, as a matter of fact, get under way with a hilariously farcical tale about Scobie, the aged detective who turns out to be a transvestite. Presumably Durrell started this way with a purpose, to show that no man or woman is what he seems at first or even twentieth sight and even under the scrutiny of the most painstaking amateur psychologist and, as a corollary, that each new insight, from another person, means a complete bouleversement and, finally, that this is the very essence of the comic spirit.

MEREDITH and his disciples said much the same thing fifty years ago, so did Hardy. The very mention of the names —Ford, Conrad, Meredith, Hardy— shows what is taking place. Lawrence Durrell is moving up, onto the highest levels of the novelist's art. There are two more books to come. Of anyone else I would say that he was bound to be

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To Live At All

Into black marble we walk,
Black marble or black quartz.
And the luminous,
Impenetrable you'd say,
Black wall gives way
Step by step,
Breath for breath
As we walk.

As bright waters from prow,
As warm earth from plow,
The cleft spreads wide
And tumbled with happenings.
You'd say that, interpreted,
Parted and particled,
The hard black we walk into
Is people and flowers.

Always beside
Though, beside on each side,
And behind.

KATHERINE HOSKINS

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trapped in his elaborate scheme, that such a conception would be bound to produce something thoroughly cooked. Not Durrell. It is of the essence of his artistic personality that it seems to thrive only when it sets itself fantastic problems and limitations. As the self-imposed conditions become in this book more outrageous, the prose becomes graver, more sonorous, the sense of human motivation more profound, the images of place and person more poignant. It looks as if we could anticipate at least one novel a season for the next couple of years which an adult will be able to read with pleasure.

Gentle Iconoclast

ONLY IN AMERICA. By Harry Golden. World Publishing Co. 317 pp. $4.

Harry Ashmore

I FIRST MET Harry Golden in what seems to me a gentler time, the years just after World War II. I had gone from the Army to Charlotte, North Carolina, as editor of the *News*. Golden was already there, running a shoestring advertising agency with all the massive inefficiency he normally accords any organized activity.

I discovered in due course that he was a bad poker player and a great talking man. And I remember feeling then the pang I have felt on other dawns, the vagrant sense of regret that the great tales and profound wisdom which interfered with the game would be dissipated with the blue smoke that hung over the table.

It probably would have been that way, too, except that some time after I left Charlotte, Golden gave birth to a remarkable publication called *The Carolina Israelite.* I have never been quite clear about the genesis of the *Israelite;* I have assumed, perhaps incorrectly, that under the hot breath of his creditors he one day decided to put out a sort of house organ for the minuscule Jewish communities of the Carolina cities. If this was indeed the original purpose, it happily did not survive. Instead, the *Israelite* has become a marvelously erratic tabloid publication containing such small advertisements as do not get in the way of a running stream of Harry Golden's consciousness, which begins on page one and continues in bits and pieces to the last of whatever number of pages he decides to publish on whatever day he decides he has enough to go to the printer.

For some years now the *Israelite* has had a substantial number of fascinated subscribers. You learn about these from Golden himself, who is an unabashed name-dropper; his letters to the editor come from people like Winston Churchill, Carl Sandburg and Adlai Stevenson. A man with a claque like that is foredoomed to be published between hard covers, and Golden has been — although it is doubtful that the final selections from the *Israelite* which appear in *Only in America* would have been made had he not had the foresight to produce an organized son, who works on a Detroit newspaper, and apparently took his father in hand.

In any event, the end product is a happy sampling of vintage Golden. Here is Golden, the gentle satirist, setting forth his vertical integration plan: since Southern whites object to sitting by Negroes in school, but have spent their lives amiably standing beside them, simply remove the seats from the classroom and let the next generation study standing up. Here is the sentimental Golden, working out a wonderful, rich tapestry of his memories of a Jewish boyhood on New York's East Side. And here is Golden, the iconoclast, calling upon the limitless store of his erudition to examine today's "togetherness" in terms of the classic writers whom he treats casually as old and intimate friends — as indeed they are.

THE BOOK has many distinctions, not the least of which is the unique and remarkably sympathetic view of the white South in its desegregation travail as seen through the eyes of one who has himself felt the edge of prejudice. It seems to be a curious truth that Golden understands better than most the complex sufferings of the proud, embattled, defensive Presbyterians of Charlotte because he is himself the unapologetic product of a close-knit, embattled, defensive Jewish community.

Those who read *Only in America* will want more, and there will be; the *Israelite* is still coming out, after its fashion. The last issue, wistfully labeled May-June, is at hand and it contains a characteristic essay on the tendency of

HARRY ASHMORE, Executive Editor of the Little Rock Arkansas Gazette, *last year won a Pulitzer Prize for his stand against Governor Orval Faubus.*

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— ST. LOUIS GLOBE DEMOCRAT

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Notes FROM THE Warsaw Ghetto

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newspapermen to sample public opinion by interviewing taxi drivers, and of people in places of power to base their decisions on these and other polls. Reading it, I am back at the poker table in Charlotte, leaning across a suspended hand of stud, listening to Harry Golden talk around his fat cigar:

> Just suppose there had been a sampling or ratings system in Rome in the year 60 A.D. The results would have been as follows:
>
> *For Jupiter* 68 *per centum*
> *For Mithra* 21 *per centum*
> *For Jesus* 2 *per centum*
> *Undecided* 9 *per centum*

Now, if Saint Paul had been a "sampling" man instead of a leader, he would have packed up and gone on back to Palestine, especially after hearing what every taxi driver was saying: "Let's hang that little bald-headed Jew"; but lucky for the Christians, Paul did not subscribe to any "sampling" polls, and so he just went ahead with his program, and conquered the whole works: the Roman Empire, Jupiter, Mithra, including even the great Goddess of Vestal Virgins.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Biography

The Autobiography of William Butler Yeats (Anchor, $1.25) includes the *Autobiographies* of 1926 and the four parts added in 1938. Even in its simplest matter of fact it is mysterious, incisive, as suggestive as Yeats's poetry. It calls up Sligo, Dublin, London, Yeats's painter father Jack B. Yeats, his many friends, great and anonymous. One sees the times and the poet's formation, not orderly but spilling out in anecdotes and jottings on pre-Raphaelism, Young Ireland, the Irish Theatre. The fifteen stories of Joyce's *Dubliners* (Compass, $1.25) and the thirty-nine of Liam O'Flaherty's *Selected Stories* (Signet, 35c) supplement Yeats's wonderful pictures of the Irish, city and country.

Next to Yeats, Sherwood Anderson appears inflated and his *Story Teller's Story* (Evergreen, $1.95) contrived. He suffers from "a tendency toward slickness and plausibility" here, and to some degree in the honest short stories of *Winesburg,*

Landing on the Moon

When, in the mask of night, there shone that cut,
we were riddled. A probe reached down
and stroked some nerve in us.
The potent glint from a wizard's eye, of silver,
slanted from out the mask of the unknown,
pit of riddles, the scratch-marked sky.

When, albino bowl upon a cloth of jet,
it spilled such virile pulls,
our eyes enlarged, our blood reared with the waves.
We craved its secret but, unreachable,
it held away from us, the chilly and frail.
Distance kept it magnate, enigma made it white.

Then we learned to read it with our rod.
Reflected light revealed
a lead mirror, or bruised shield,
seamed with scars and shadow-soiled.
A half-faced sycophant, its glitter borrowed,
rode around our throne.

On the moon there shines earth light
as moonlight shines upon the earth.
When on its obsidian we set our weightless foot,
and sniff no wind, and lick no rain, and feel no gauze
between us and the Fire, as giants we will trot
its grassless skull, sick for the homelike shade.

And, naked to the earth-beam, we will think:
We have arrived to map an apparition.
We walk upon the forehead of a myth.
Our flesh now rubs with symbol. Here's our ball:
of iron, not of light, our earliest wish.
Where now? For we have landed on the dream.

MAY SWENSON

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Ohio (Compass, $1.25), but presents one of the authentic American dreams. *My Lord, What a Morning,* an autobiography by Marian Anderson (Avon-Bard, 35c) is the less facile, currently more pointed story of Miss Anderson's Philadelphia girlhood, her studies and her successes in concert, opera and recording.

A Walker in the City by Alfred Kazin (Evergreen, $1.45), though sometimes overwrought, recreates Mr. Kazin's struggle to be American and to retain the Gemütlichkeit of his immigrant parents' Brownsville home in Brooklyn during the twenties and thirties. It is a warm, fresh book.

U.S. Grant and the American Military Tradition by Bruce Catton (Universal, 95c) surveys Grant's career and analyzes the origin of his weakness as President.

Stalin by Leon Trotsky, Charles Malamuth editor and translator (Universal, $1.95). Interrupted at 1917 by Trotsky's death, the biography is skillfully continued to 1936 from Trotsky's voluminous unassembled segments.

Realism

From 1875 to 1881 Henry James wrote and published five novels, two novelettes, his penetrating book on Hawthorne and numerous articles for *The Nation.* In volume alone it is impressive. *The American, The Europeans, Daisy Miller* and *An International Episode,* now collected as *Four Selected Novels of Henry James* (Universal, $1.45) and *The Portrait of a Lady,* Leon Edel editor (Riverside, 80c), with James's preface, also established his mastery of the international novel. *The Awkward Age* (Anchor, $1.25), from 1899, though involved stylistically and poorly received, exhibits much of the earlier vigor. Here two girls in their late teens are no more awkward than the society which finds it necessary to absorb them in a painfully complex rite of passage. *The Awkward Age* parallels in several ways *What Maisie Knew* (Anchor, 85c), from 1897.

Fifteen years before *What Maisie Knew,* William Dean Howells treated divorce in *A Modern Instance* (Riverside, 85c). Like other novels by Howells, this shows characters unable to cope with an unfamiliar society. He said without explanation that he was his model for Bartley Hubbard in *A Modern Instance,* probably because both were, for a time at least, outsiders in Boston.

The She-Wolf and Other Stories by Giovanni Verga, Giovanni Cecchetti editor (California, $1.50), including "Cavalleria Rusticana," is interesting for point of view and the realism, which influenced Verga's contemporary, Howells.

Sociology

Who Are the Guilty? A Study of Education and Crime by Dr. David Abahamsen (Evergreen, $1.95), a major psychiatric contribution to criminology, analyzes the offender, examines causes in family, school and larger social groups and proposes a vast prevention program through education.

From Max Weber by Hans H. Gerth and C. Wright Mills (Oxford-Galaxy, $2.25) is a classic, both for its biographical note and the harvest of Weber's investigations into the foundations of sociological theory. *The Portable Veblen,* Max Lerner editor (Viking Portables, $1.45), also a commentary with selections, has a wider appeal since Veblen speaks directly to so many modern interests.

On the Track of Prehistoric Man by Herbert Kühn (Modern Library, 95c) uses a tour of a dozen French and Spanish cave sites as the informal framework of an account of Ice Age art and artifacts. Maps, floor plans and many drawings.

Miscellaneous

Lawrence Ferlinghetti *(A Coney Island of the Mind,* New Directions, $1) shows increasing poetic power and in-

On Certain Wits

who amused themselves over the simplicity of Barnett Newman's paintings shown at Bennington College in May of 1958.

When Moses in Horeb struck the rock,
And water came forth out of the rock,
Some of the people were annoyed with Moses
And said he should have used a fancier stick.

And when Elijah on Mount Carmel brought the rain,
Where the prophets of Baal could not bring rain,
Some of the people said that the rituals of the prophets of Baal
Were aesthetically significant, while Elijah's were very plain.

HOWARD NEMEROV

Photo by Friedman-Abeles

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dependence. His experiments with jazz poetry (*The Nation*, March 29) are part of his effort to write a contemporary poetry.

The Jazz Makers, Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff editors (Evergreen, $1.95), clarifies an entire milieu as it sketches twenty-one musicians, mostly instrumental, whose "serious devotion to music and even . . . occasional . . . study" took jazz from Canal Street to Birdland.

The quality of Edmund Wilson's interest and work (*The Nation*, February 22) is shown in *Axel's Castle: A Study in the Imaginative Literature of 1870 to 1930* (Scribners Student's Edition, $1.45), containing some of his most characteristic criticism; and *A Piece of My Mind: Reflections at Sixty* (Anchor, 95c) on non-literary subjects.

The Portable Renaissance Reader, James Bruce Ross and Mary Martin McLaughlin editors (Viking, $1.45). Using short selections by varied writers, some not readily available in English, this collection illustrates the varied, often antithetic tendencies in Western Europe, 1400-1600.

History of the Later Roman Empire from the death of Theodosius I to the death of Justinian by J. B. Bury (Dover, 2 vols., $4), is a richly detailed analytical narrative of Germanic successes in the West and the establishment of Byzantine power. For earlier times: *Selections from Greek and Roman Historians*, Herodotus through Tacitus, C. A. Robinson, Jr. editor (Rinehart, $1.25).

History of Mathematics by D. E. Smith (Dover, 2 vols, $5; $2.75 ea.), though superseded in detail, by R. C. Archibald, for example, is a standard general account through elementary calculus.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: *Studs Lonigan* (the trilogy) by James T. Farrell (Signet, 35c), *Painted Veils* by James Huneker (Avon, 35c), *South Wind* by Norman Douglas (Bantam, 50c), *The True Believer* by Eric Hoffer (Mentor, 50c), *Hiroshima Diary* by Michihiko Hachiya (Avon, 35c).

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Around the U.S.A.

(*Continued from inside cover*)

sources. For the legislature had to be very careful lest any new tax for general state purposes be construed as an excise. In that case, not only would 85 per cent of the tax be diverted to old-age pensions, but the tax could not be repealed. This situation led to difficulties. For example, the legislature in 1951 enacted a 5 per cent "severance" tax on Colorado's growing oil and gas production. To keep the revenue out of the pension fund, the state called it a gross income tax. The oil companies have challenged the tax as unconstitutional, and the case is still in the courts. Should the decision go against the state, it would be faced with refunding some $15 millions or more.

Two other provisions of the 1936 amendment proved awkward. One of them qualified all needy Coloradoans for pensions at the age of sixty. But the federal government does not contribute to pensions for anyone under the age of sixty-five. So the legislature, faced with an enormous expenditure, provided a thirty-five-year residence qualification for the younger pensioners. Even so, there are 3,000 of them on the rolls.

Secondly, the original amendment merely decreed that all pension-fund receipts for each one month should be divided equally the next month; and to avoid a pile-up of surplus while the pension remained low, a stipulation was included that all funds remaining as of each December 31 should be divided pro rata the following January. This became known as the "golden jackpot." As the fund grew, several hundred extra dollars went to each pensioner each January. The federal government finally stopped the practice by intimating that its contribution could only be on the basis of need, and that a pensioner receiving a lump sum of several hundred dollars in one month could hardly be classed as "needy." Since then the pension has been distributed more equitably throughout the year.

THE PRECLUSIVE provisions of the pension program proved so embarrassing to state finances that several attempts were made to soften them at the polls. These failed repeatedly until 1956, when Edwin Carl Johnson, an original supporter of the pension amendment, came back from the U.S. Senate to close out his career in a final term as Governor.

Governor Johnson and others sought the cooperation of the pensioners and their organizations in modifying the 1936 provision, and succeeded in achieving a compromise which provided: (1) that the pension should never fall below $100 a month per pensioner, minus outside income; (2) that a reserve fund of $5 millions should be set aside to guarantee the $100 monthly payment through any possible recession; (3) that a revolving fund of $10 millions should be set up to institute medical and hospital care and (4) after all these conditions were met, the surplus should go over into the state's general fund.

This amendment was adopted by the people. The $5 millions reserve has been provided, and the medical-health fund had grown large enough by February to finance the first phase of the medical-health program. The state now figures on beginning to get some general revenue from the spill-over as early as next year or 1961.

Incidentally, growing U.S. social security payments to Colorado people of pension age now total about $8 millions yearly, drawn by one-third of pensioners, as against $2 millions yearly drawn by about one-sixth of the pensioners as late as 1952. This, of course, represents an increasing, though indirect, contribution to the Colorado pension scheme by the federal government, as the state subtracts social-security payments as well as private income in figuring payments per pensioner.

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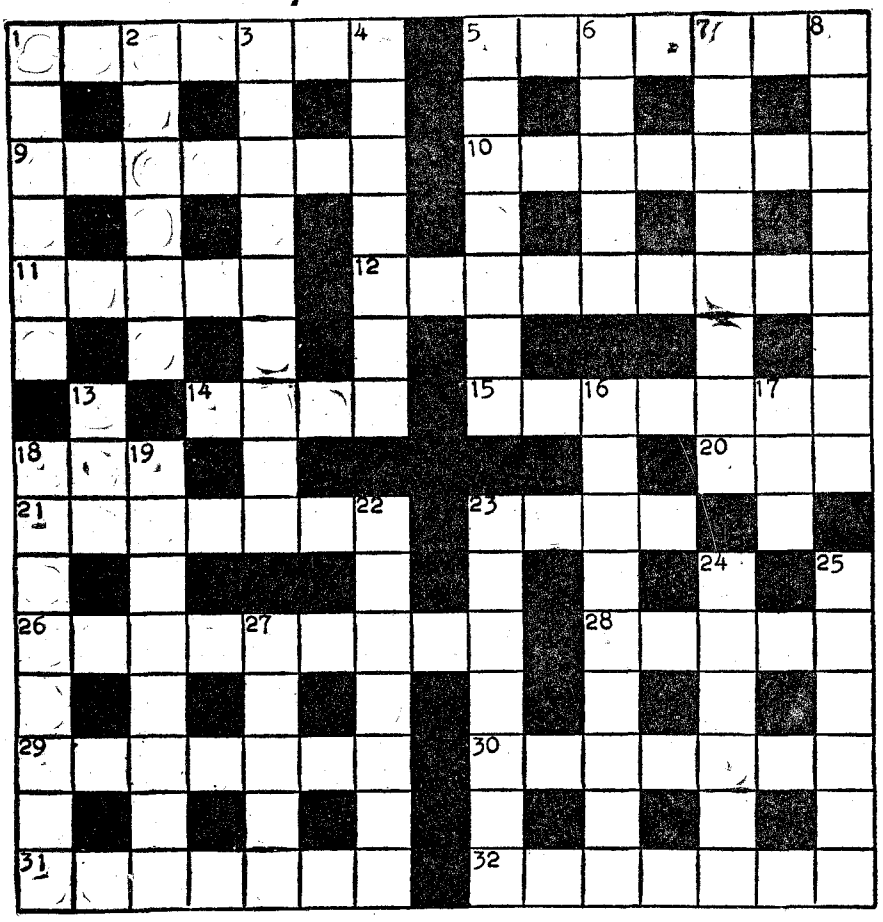
Crossword Puzzle No. 784

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A poet is likely to dull your senses.
5 The way one might have seen the city, or tried to. (7)
9 Might make smooth surfaces or welts, one way or another. (7)
10 Exult over a frabjous day? (7)
11 Native who seems to proclaim he wanders back? (5)
12 A city with no plan is a mess! (9)
14 A god in Scandinavia, or one in Russia. (4)
15 Doesn't his program 4? (7)
18 The island of Romaine? (3)
20 Petition. (3)
21 Petition. (7)
23 Only a lion would make such a group nervous. (4)
26 If it offered you a nip, would you want to dance? (9)
28 This should give you time to make an observation. (5)
29 Having a connection with the dead, when bankrupt? (7)
30 Those who said something once, didn't. (7)
31 Would he be likely to trifle with the strings? (7)
32 Gave precedence. (7)

DOWN:

2 It has fourteen legs, and is nothing to a school of whales! (6)
3 and 16 "H" — completely isolated! (3, 6, 2, 7)
4 Keep us up to the mark! (7)
5 A short time to workers causes a transfer from vessel to vessel. (7)
6 "Farewell the plumed ..... and the big wars That make ambition virtue!" (Othello) (5)
7 Best, but not in student session. (8)
8 It's true, ears should be valuable!
13 Was victorious in the present uprising. (3)
17 Wilder association with this town?
18 and 23 down "V" — where the balance is. (Headquarters is serious!) (6, 2, 7)
19 Too frightened to set out and get pulled around. (8)
22 On the left, the Romans considered it an omen. (7)
24 The Missionary Hymn found India's coral. (6)
25 and 1 down "E"—but Luce wouldn't hope to see it. (3, 3, 2, 4)
27 South American port, South African province. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 783

ACROSS: 1 Tapestry; 5 Physic; 10 Marabou; 11 Coroner; 12 Basel; 13 Decussate; 14 Moose; 16 Phaetons; 19 Stanhope; 22 Plant; 24 Olfactory; 26 Aspic; 28 Flaunts; 29 Incline; 30 and 27 down Needle point; 31 Ingrates. DOWN: 1 Time bomb; 2 Parts; 3 Subaltern; 4 Round-up; 6 Harps; 7 Santa Anna; 9 Acacia; 15 Out of date; 17 Tapdancer; 18 Stickers; 20 Oboist; 21 Elysian; 23 and 8 Coffin corner; 25 Canal.

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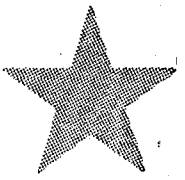

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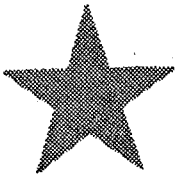

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Of course, the sputniks did not change Mr. Wiles's truth; they served only to make it acceptable. *When* is truth? For *The Nation*, truth is *always*—popular and unpopular, acceptable and unacceptable, before and after sputniks. This makes some of our readers very angry, but it keeps them loyal.

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